Qu. The Conqueror is diſmaid:
Proceed good *Alexander.*

Cur. When in the world I lined, I was the worlds Commander.

Boyet. Moſt true, 'tis right: you were ſo *Aliſander.*

Ber. Pompey the great.

Clo. Your ſeruant and *Coſtard.*

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Aliſander.*

Clow. O ſir you haue ouerthrowne *Aliſander* the conqueror: you will be ſcrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your lion that holds his Pollax ſitting on a cloſe-ſtoole, will be giuen to Aiax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror? and afraid to ſpeake? Runne away for ſhame *Aliſander.* There an't ſhall pleaſe you: a fooliſh milde man, an honeſt man, looke you, and ſoone daſht. He is a maruellous good neighbour in ſooth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Aliſandar*, alas you ſee, how it's a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming will ſpeake their minde in ſome other ſort. *Exit Cu.*

Qu. Standaſide good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is preſented by this Impe.
Whoſe Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a ſhrimpe,
Thus did he ſtrangle Serpents in his *Manus*:
Quoniam, he ſeemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe ſome ſtate in thy *Exit*, and vaniſh. *Exit Boy.*

Ped. Iudas *I am.*

Dum. A Iudas?

Ped. Not *Iſcariot* ſir.
Iudas I am, ycliped Machabeus.

Dum. Iudas Machabeus clipt, is plaine Iudas.

Ber. A kiſſing Traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas?*

Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum. The more ſhame for you *Iudas.*

Ped. What meane you ſir. ?

Boy. To make *Iudas* hang himſelfe.

Ped. Begin ſir, you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped.

Ped. I will not be put of countenance.

Ber. Becauſe thou haſt no face.

Ped. What is this?

Boy. A Citterne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A deaths face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, ſcarce ſeene.

Boy. The Pummell of *Cæſars* Faulchion.

Dum. The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske.

Ber. Saint Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.
And now forward, for we haue put thee in countena
Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.

Ber. Falſe, we haue giuen thee faces.

Ped. But you haue out-fac'd them all.

Ber. And thou wert a Lion, we would do ſo.

Boy. Therefore as he is an Aſſe, let him goe:
And ſo adieu ſweet *Iude.* Nay, why doſt thou ſtay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the *Aſſe* to the *Iude*: giue it him. *Iud-as*

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble

Boy. A light for mounſier *Iudas*, it growes dark, he ma

Que. Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath he beene

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector*

Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I
merrie.

King. Hector was but a Troyan in reſpect of this

Boy. But is this *Hector*?

Kin. I thinke *Hector* was not ſo cleane timber'd.

Lon. His legge is too big for *Hector.*

Dum. More Calfe certaine.

Boy. No he is beſt indued in the ſmall.

Ber. This cannot be *Hector.*

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes face

Ber. The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the alm
Hector *a gift.*